

PROPOSALS

FOR THE

PRINTING by SUBSCRIPTION

COLLECTION

OF  
SONGS.

INTITLED,

*The Merry Companion.*

CONDITIONS

- I. That it will be printed on a good Paper, and in good Type, cast by Mess. Wilson and Son, Letter-Founders to the University of Glasgow.
- II. That above One Hundred and Twenty Pages will be delivered to Subscribers, at the Price of 1s. only.
- III. That the Work will be put to the Press as soon as a competent Number of Subscriptions are procured.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in at the New Printing Office, in the Side, Mr Charnley, Mr Mack, Mr Barber, Mr Chalmers, and Mr Atkinson, Booksellers, in Newcastle; Also by Mr Manby, in Durham; Mr Graham, in Sunderland; Mr Vay, in Darlington; Mrs Hodgson, in Carlisle; Mr Corney, in Penrith; Mr MacLachlan, in Dumfries; Mr Richardson, in Annan; Mr Ashburner, in Kendal; Mr Dunn, in Whitehaven; Mr Cowley, in Cockermouth; Miss Furnance, in Wigton; and Mr Graham, in Alnwick.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

**W**HEN Britain first, at heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main;  
This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung this strain:  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
*Rule, &c.*

Still more majestic shall thou rise,  
More dreadful, from each foreign stroke:  
As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
*Rule, &c.*

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy generous flame;  
But work their woe, and thy renown.  
*Rule, &c.*

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.  
*Rule, &c.*

The muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves.*

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TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed,  
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;  
Both nature and fancy exceed.  
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,  
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warbles are heard in the grove,  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,  
With music enchant every bush.  
Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
Let us see how the primroses spring,  
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?  
Do they never carelessly stray,  
While happily she lies asleep?  
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;  
Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
No beauty with her may compare;  
Love's graces all round her do dwell,  
She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?  
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,  
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?



*Down the Burn DAVIE.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laugh'd in her eye;  
 Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move  
 To break her mind thus free,  
*Gang down the burn, Davie, lone,*  
*And I will follow thee.*

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
 That dwelt on this burn side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride:  
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,  
 Her een were bonny blue;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
 What tender tales they said!  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And with her bosom play'd;  
 Till baith at length impatient grown,  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;  
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmleß play,  
 And naething sure unmeet;  
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a waunt sae sweet;  
 And that they aften shou'd return  
 Sik pleasure to renew.  
*Quoth Mary, love, I like the burn,*  
*And ay shall follow you.*